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THREE EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS,

I. Jamie with his Tros-
fers on.

II. A Dialogue between
Summer and Winter.

III. The Virtue of Wine.



EDINBURGH

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West-Bow, 1778.



Jamie with his Troffers on.



MAggy are you going to marry,
Yes dear mother that I am?
Tell to me who is your lover,
Jamie with his troffers on.

Sparkling eyes, fine black eyes,
He rattles to me like a drum;
Play to me the new found jig;
Play Jamie with his troffers on.

I looked east I looked west,
I looked as far as I saw sun;
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Jamie with his troffers on.
Sparkling eyes, &c.

Sweep the house put on the fire,
Suiters they are going to come;
I'll have a dance with the dusty miller,
Jamie with his troffers on.
Sparkling eyes, &c.

Sailor lads gets gold and silver,
Fisher lads gets nought but brass;

Well love I a sailor lad,
Because I am a sailor's lass.

Sparkling eyes, &c.

My Jamie bold won't be controld,
Of who dare him to put upon;
For Britain's right he'll boldly fight,
My Jamie with his trowsers on.

Sparkling eyes, &c.

For he's a stout and valiant sailor,
Now he's sailing on the main;
He'll bring home gold and silver,
Now he's fighting France and Spain;
Sparkling eyes, &c.

In the heat of battle where cannons
He'll boldly lead on the vane; (rattle
And he will make the Mounfire rattle,
And punish that perfidious band,
Sparkling eyes, &c.

May garden angles now attend him
And preserve him from his foes;
And from all dangers still defend him,
And return him safe to my arms.

With his sparkling eyes, fine black
He rattles to me like a drum; (eyes
Play to me the new found jig;
Play Jamie with his trowsers on.

*****!*****

A Dialogue between Summer & Winter

*****!*****

F A I R Flora beautiful and gay,
 To winter now give room ;
 And strip her of her rich array,
 Made of the finest bloom :
 And with his icy beard comes in,
 And looked her upon ;
 And for to treat her doth begin,
 Proud Flora now begone.

Here hast thou reign'd six months and
 All in your gaudy pride, (more, I'll
 And I am come to summon you,
 To lay your pomp aside.
 Those flowers which do bloom & blow,
 Shall wither and decline ;
 And in a word I'll let you know,
 The fields and groves are mine.

Fair Flora's loth to leave her stream,
 Wherein she took delight ;
 To be banish'd from her summer's beams
 She stowly took her flight ;
 And most I leave these groves she says

Which I have deck'd so fine,
 All with her boughs and spreading leaves

Why does thou call them thine?
 And most I leave these pretty notes,
 Of birds my woody quire, (throats
 That warble forth from their sweet
 What tune you may desire;
 Cold winter do but stay a while,
 These pleasures to decline,
 And when the floods the rivers fill,
 My power I will resign.

But go proud Flora post away,
 Make haste and get thee gone;
 Believe me, what I to thee do say,
 My floods are coming on;
 I'll freeze these pretty purling streams,
 With ice which smoothly glide,
 And wither all those lovely trees,
 Which puff you up with pride.

I'll freeze the north side of the globe,
 With all my force and might;
 These trees and gardens I'll disrobe,
 And strip them naked quite:
 Instead of trees that us'd to grow,
 And loaden'd vines and trees.
 I'll fetch vast rocks of ice and snow,
 And all your brooks will freeze.

Cold winter do not threaten so,
 I'll tell you o'er again,
 I'll thaw those rocks which you will freeze,
 And dry up all your rain ; (eze,
 I'll thaw those springs which you will
 Adorn and beautify, (freeze,
 Those trees and boughs with spreading
 I'll make you glade to flee. (leaves,

For if you had your will we know,
 Always to rule and reign,
 The fruitful earth would barren grow,
 And yield no kind of grain ;
 No pleasant fruit on trees would grow,
 That might men's palates please,
 This is the cause I'll the envy,
 For such like tricks as these.

So winter with your frosty face,
 Be not so harsh to me,
 For here you never shall take place,
 While leaves are on the trees ;
 For I'm a charming beauty bright,
 Adorn'd with flowers fine,
 My company is more esteem'd,
 Ten thousand times than thine.

I know fair Flora that you are,
 Much more esteem'd than I,

So tell the truth that's my desert,
 Therefore let us comply ;
 But you must give me live a while,
 In power for to reign. -
 Next spring you shall return and smile,
 In your fair flowers again.

The Virtue of Wine.

DI O G E N E S surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there's truth ;
 But growing as poor as was Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask ;
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny,
 To tittle and cherish his heart ;
 And when he was mudlin he'd cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart ;
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at men's folly and vice,
 'Twas only his fashion to drink,
 Till the liquor flew out of his eyes,

Democritus always was glad,
 Of a bumper to chear up his soul,
 And would laugh like a man that was
 When over a good flowing bowl (mad

As long as his celler was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 He lov'd the cask that was right bor'd,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.
 Compernicus too like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best,
 Made reason the better to shine:
 With wine he replenish'd his yeins,
 And made his philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the world like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.
 Aristotle that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of his vine:
 His belly most writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering-trough;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he had't have liquor enough
 Old Plato that learned divine,
 Who fondly to wisdom was prone,
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known,
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 With out it we ne'er should have had,
 Philosophers poets or kings. (Finis.)

